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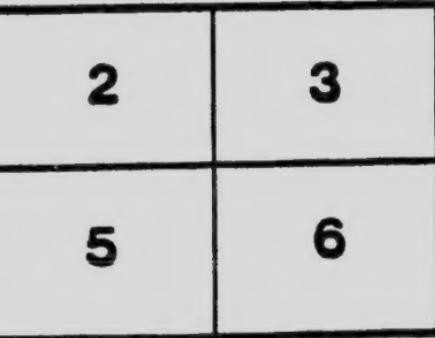
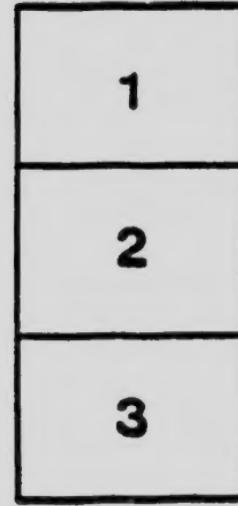
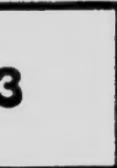
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*With Kindness & H.S.*

Vers

### The City Church:

Not only in the hush of  
And on the storms which  
Does nature's God His  
Here, in this Church, the  
Though in the traffic-crowd,  
God's throne is set: an  
He wakes, and listens to  
And in His love makes  
New generations come.  
They pour their anguish  
They gaze up mutely to  
And, compassed with His  
They stand unshaken.  
Rolls through the dark

# Verses.

ush of mountain lands.  
s which shroud the boundless deep,  
d His awful vigil keep.  
rch, though raised by human hands,  
ffle-crowded street it stands,  
t: and, while men work or sleep,  
tens to the hearts that weep.  
akes straight life's tangled strands.  
come and pass away,  
nguish into God's kind ear,  
tely towards His unseen face :  
with His mercies day by day,  
aken, while this earthly sphere  
e dark infinity of space.

*W*  
The  
River :

Why hurry, little river,  
Why hurry to the sea ?

There is nothing there to do  
But to sink into the blue,  
And all forgotten be.  
There is nothing on that shore  
But the tides for evermore,  
And the faint and far-off line  
Where the winds across the brine  
For ever, ever roam  
And never find a home.

Why hurry, little river,  
From the mountains and the mead,  
Where the graceful elms are sleeping  
And the quiet cattle feed ?

The loving shadows cool  
The deep and restful pool,  
And every tribute stream  
Brings its own sweet woodland dream  
Of the mighty woods that sleep,  
Where the sighs of earth are deep,  
And the silent skies look down  
On the savage mountain's frown.

Oh linger, little river,  
Your banks are all so fair,  
Each morning is a hymn of praise,  
Each evening is a prayer.  
All day the sunbeams glitter  
On your shallows and your bars,  
And at night the dear God stills you  
With the music of the stars.

## The Martyr :

The dark square gl  
And issuing slowly  
Come priest and m  
While, midst them  
Bent on the ground  
He limps, from to  
He fronts wild wol  
Yet now he thrills  
Fearless, he stands  
He hears the monk  
He feels the hot fla  
And, as the thick s  
Which rolls to He  
" Thy Kingdom co

Quebec, Xmas 1901

are glimmers 'neath the morning skies  
Slowly through the sombre gate  
and monk, soldier and magistrate,  
At them, walks the prisoner, with his eyes  
Ground, going to his sacrifice.  
From tortures wrought by powerless hate,  
And wolves who for his life-blood wait,  
Thrills with God's own harmonies.  
Stands above the great, hushed crowd :  
Monks drone out his burial song,  
Not flames round the faggots creep ;  
Thick smoke wraps him in a cloud,  
To Heaven, his voice rings clear and strong —  
" Come ; " and so he falls asleep.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

s 1901.

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